

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVII. No. 2307

and BYSTANDER

London
September 12, 1945



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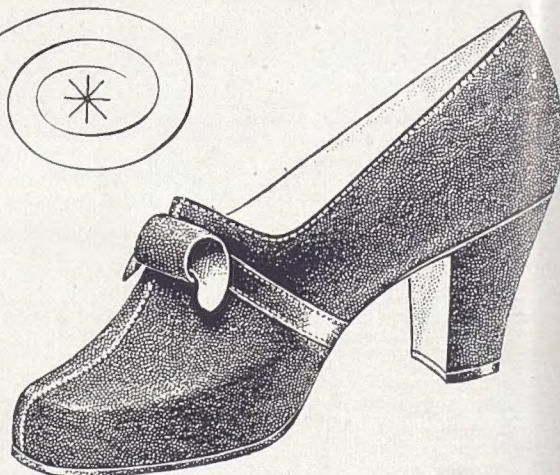
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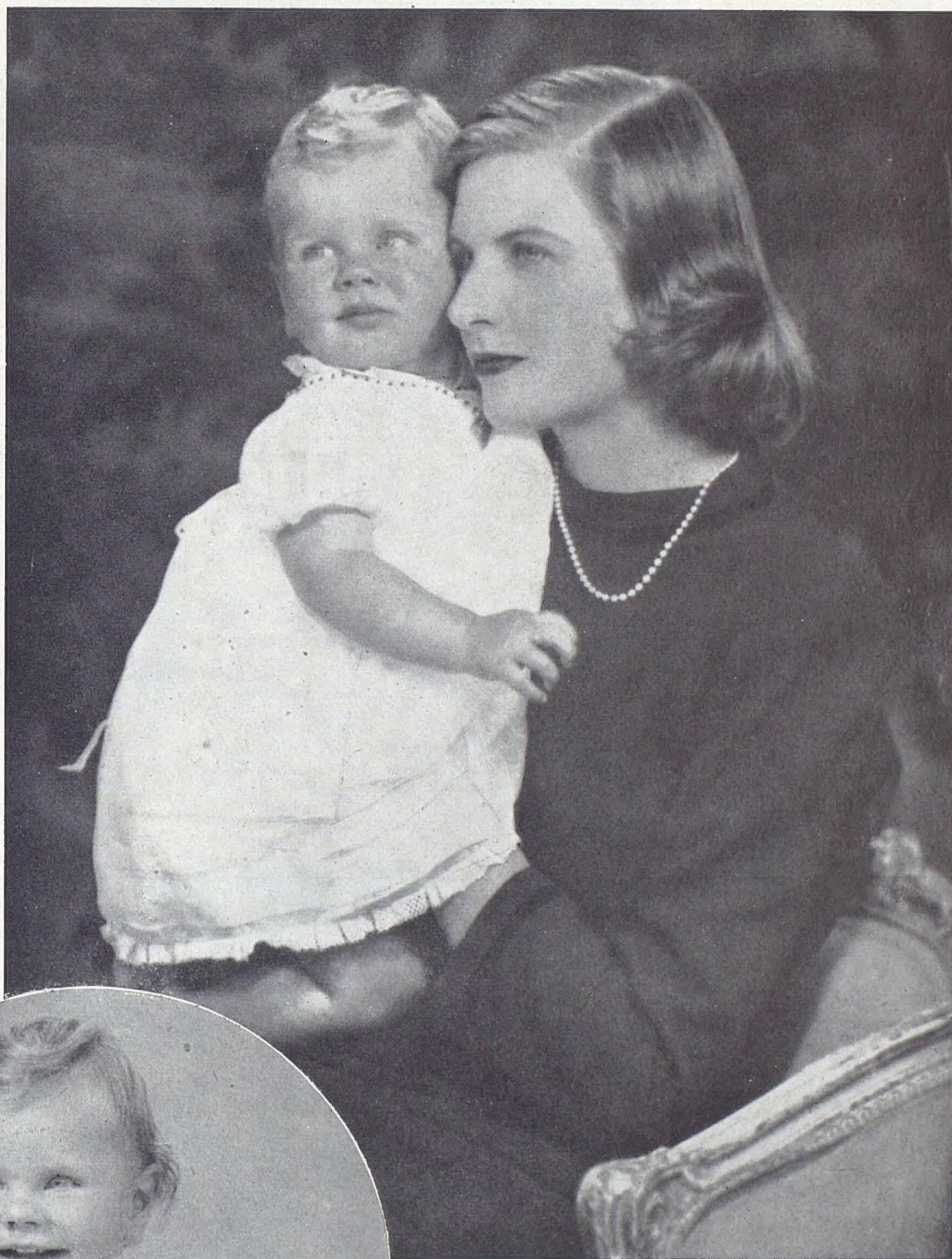
THE TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

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Marcus Adams

Lady Worsley-Taylor with Annette Pamela

Lady Worsley-Taylor, who is holding her one-year-old baby daughter, Annette Pamela, is the wife of Sir John Worsley-Taylor, the Scots Guards. Lady Worsley-Taylor was formerly Miss Anne Paget, and is the only child of the late Captain J. Otho Paget, and of Mrs. Paget of Burrough, near Melton Mowbray. Her husband is the only son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir James Worsley-Taylor and of Lady Worsley-Taylor, of Townhead, near Clitheroe, Lancashire; he succeeded his father in 1933 and is the third baronet. Before her marriage Lady Worsley-Taylor worked at the Foreign Office





Way of the World

By Simon Harcourt-Smith

Soong Tze-vem

MR. T. V. SOONG, or Soong Tze-vem, to give him his Chinese name, arrived in England last week. I can think of no great statesman among the Allied nations who has enjoyed, or been plagued by, office for so long. Youthful though his appearance, Mr. Soong belongs in point of seniority to the legendary age of Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand. The rise of the Soong family to the government of China is one of the most fantastic events of modern times. It began of course, when one of Mr. Soong's lovely sisters married Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the founder and patron saint, so to speak, of the modern republic. The young Soong Tze-vem brought back from America, where he had been to college, that grasp of Western financial affairs and economics which his great brother-in-law thought indispensable to a revived China in a hard modern world. Dr. Sun Yat-sen died before the promised land was gained, but the armies he inspired were led to victory by another great man who had married one of the comely Miss Soongs, a young artillery officer called Chiang Kai-shek.

Soon after Chiang Kai-shek formed his first government, T. V. Soong became its Minister of Finance (1928). He was then only about thirty-seven—an astonishing rise in a country where the ultimate distinction is to be old, and where, if they want to flatter, they will unmaliciously credit you with a decade more of years than those which actually beset you.

When I went to China in 1930, Mr. Soong had already acquired a shining renown. They talked in banking circles with awe of how he had brought order into the immemorial chaos of China's currency, of his quick western methods, and of his no less quick wit.

The Dowager Madame Soong

LIKE his brilliant family however, in those days he was a trifle overshadowed by the prestige of his Homeric old mother. In that Celestial world of matriarchs, the Dowager Madame Soong was perhaps the matriarch to end all others. The aver-

age Chinese mother is supposed to dominate her issue. Madame Soong's obedient family was popularly believed to be the Government of China. One son-in-law, General Chiang Kai-shek, head of the administration; another, Dr. H. H. K'ung, later to be Minister of Finance, and T. V. Soong himself would, with his daughters, be summoned to her house in the French Concession at Shanghai, and there receive a store of worldly wisdom that lasted them for a long time.

It is since the death of this wonderful old dowager that Soong Tze-vem's real measure has been shown to the world. He has been almost continuously in office ever since 1928. Made Minister of Foreign Affairs in the difficult year of 1940, he has been Prime Minister for the last eight months. It is he who has borne the brunt of those complicated negotiations which ended in Russia's entering the Far Eastern war without too many tears being spilt.

Like many Chinese who have been to foreign universities, he retains an air youthful and collegiate without being other than endearing. May we be spared the Westerner who has never spiritually left Oxford or Harvard or the Sorbonne. In a Chinese, and particularly in Mr. Soong, it gives an added quality of vigour, which in his case is almost unnecessary.

The Bijou Life

ALWAYS believing that to "over-house" oneself was one of the cardinal sins, I recently moved into a pretty, sly little Georgian cottage in a part of the world that still reeks of the Prince Regent when he was a romantic, uncorseted figure. The result for me at least is twenty-four hours per day of destructive frustration. I cannot move without knocking something over. In less than a week all my preconceived theories about *not* being clumsy have been shivered into fragments along with innumerable tumblers, pie-dishes and mixing bowls. I happen to like cooking, and like most cooks, good or bad, I like company in the kitchen while I am at my niggling work. Far from me the

mood of a Belgian chef of some friends of mine in Brussels before the war, who would only prepare certain of his triumphs when alone in his vast kitchen, or if shielded by a screen from prying eyes.

Not, of course, that I am advanced enough, or immune enough from flattery to hide any of my simple culinary devices from the world. I repeat, if I must cook, I do like company. But the dimensions of my new kitchen are so mean, I go mad if anybody, and particularly my otherwise enchanting brats come to join me in it. And we cannot leave the house without their hearing us go, and noisily denouncing our departure as some sort of a betrayal.



China's Prime Minister in London

Dr. T. V. Soong, the Prime Minister of China, arrived in London a few days ago. It was Dr. Soong who recently visited Marshal Stalin, and concluded a treaty of alliance between China and the U.S.S.R.



The Chilean Ambassador to Marry

The Chilean Ambassador, Don Manuel Bianchi, and Mrs. Van Klaveren recently announced their engagement during a cocktail party at the Embassy. They are seen being congratulated by the Brazilian Ambassador. Mrs. Van Klaveren is the widow of Lt. G. V. Van Klaveren, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hart



The Former U.S. Secretary of State in England

Mr. Edward Stettinius has arrived in England to take up his work as the representative of the United States on the Preparatory Commission for the United Nations Organization. He is seen on board the Queen Mary with his wife, and three sons, Edward, the eldest, and Wallace and Joseph

Never again a small house, the bijou life for me, if I can help it. I am now confirmed in my fundamental instinct—to live, even at the cost of death through cold, in one corner of a palace. I shall never forget the feeling of guilt when in Belgium I took at a rent of £20 per year, my beloved Linsmeau. It is the shell of a twelfth-century keep done up by an English Jacobite exile early in the eighteenth century. His daughter, who married a Prince de Croy, and suffered from "folie de grandeur," added a white rococo ballroom of the utmost beauty. Eighty foot long, five windows giving on to a waterfall, a mass of mirrors, bas-reliefs of the arts and sciences. Mario and Janie Panza, Frank Aveling, my Counsellor (he is now at our Brussels Embassy), and my own family told me I was mad to dream of shivering in such a barrack. But never was folly better justified, never did it turn out more happily.

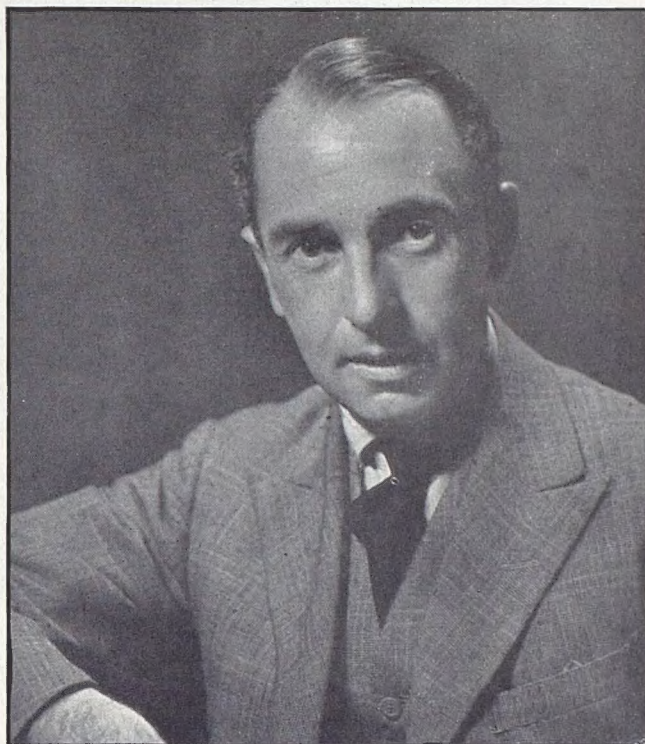
How I long again to give parties at Linsmeau with the July moon rising as if it were good enough to eat over the water-meadows and Krug 1928 at twenty-eight francs a bottle—I recently saw bottles of this wine sold by auction for nearly £80 a case of twelve—cooling and clinking in the waterfall which passed for our refrigerator.

I can hardly wait to see Linsmeau again. I hear the fabric is unharmed, though it has been sacked at least three times—once by the Germans, and twice much more thoroughly, by the Allies.

I have little hope of seeing any more of our pretty painted Adam bed, or the problem picture which must once have been a Magnasco, with a vaguely cataclysmic subject that might have been concerned with the sad end of Niobe's family.

Woburn

The sad death of poor Lady Tavistock brings back to my memory the amiable fantasies of the late Duke of Bedford, and the hidden splendours of Woburn. It was said the Duke had been put off during one brief excursion into the "smart" London hubbub, by the noise and bad manners of Edwardian society some forty years ago. Disgusted he retired to Woburn, whose splendid gates were opened henceforward only to a few friends or when the



John Everard

The Late Mr. R. S. Hooper

Mr. R. S. Hooper, Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, who came down from Oxford to join the staff of THE TATLER as a sub-editor in 1913, died suddenly at his home at Markbeech, Edenbridge, early this month. Apart from the years of the first World War when he served with The Herefordshire Regiment, "Reggie" Hooper had spent thirty-two years with THE TATLER and associate publications. He became Editor of the "Bystander" in 1932, Editor of "The Sporting and Dramatic News" in 1937 and Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER in 1940 when the two papers were amalgamated as a wartime measure.

Duke left for Scotland in his special train. If you were favoured with an invitation to penetrate this ducal seclusion, the ritual of going to Woburn was as set as it was complicated. The Duke's "London" motor car picked you up and conveyed you as far as Barnet. There, as if we still lived in the age of "Berlins" and gigs, you changed to the "country" Rolls to complete the journey. And the high point of the visit was an inspection of the wild bison,

which were supposed to be so dangerous, the safest way of seeing them was to be perched upon a steam-roller.

Of few great houses are the splendours more unknown than of Woburn. No blossom-dripping photographs of it decorate the picture papers, no learned articles in *Country Life*. An Abbey foundation, it was given to the Russells by Edward VI, and altered, and embellished by Henry Holland at the end of the eighteenth century.

Henry Holland, architect of Brooks's Club, of Lady Louis Mountbatten's lovely Broadlands and of Lord Spencer's Althorpe, is one of our most elegant architects, certainly as great as Adam, with whom his work is often confounded. But his masterpiece, Carlton House, for the Prince Regent, went 120 years ago. Brooks's is, after all, visible to only a fortunate few, and Woburn almost as inaccessible as the Dalai Lama's Potala at Lhasa.

It is, however, a superb monument to the great age of Whiggery, with its busts to Charles James Fox—what man of our day has ever been so well beloved?—and its enchanting Chinese Dairy.

The Twenties

THOUGHTS of Woburn take me back to the late twenties when inarticulate and deadly serious, I first ventured out into the great world. How I yearned to be a social success—I now confess it to my shame, how inept I was at that brisk, bullying, predatory conversation about smart weekends and orchid-clad parties which like some fiendish new swimming stroke alone seemed to keep you above water.

I am frivolous enough to regret the orchid-clad balls, the jokes about whether the quails were really quails, or small foreign mice. I liked listening to Oliver Messel do his "Dulcie" saga, motoring to bathe at Eton towards the dawn, or a mad extravagant rush to Venice for some party where an uninvited guest threw all the crockery into the canal. But oh, how much more human, how much less like a social Olympiad conversation has become since I grew up. I find that nowadays I occasionally almost know the answers.



Lady Montgomery Comes from Ireland for Brother's Wedding

The mother of the Field-Marshal, Lady Montgomery, travelled alone from Ireland at the age of eighty-one to attend the wedding of her seventy-nine year old brother, the Rev. E. M. Farrar, former rector of Bolingbroke, who married Miss C. M. Fitzmayer, on September 4th in London. She is seen with her brother and her sister, Mrs. Darlington



The Bishop of London at Home

The new Bishop of London, Dr. J. W. C. Wand, has taken up his residence at Fulham Palace, where the family all assisted in clearing up the bomb and blast damage. A family party in the garden consists of the Bishop and his wife, Mrs. Wand, his son-in-law the Hon. Michael Addison, his niece Mrs. M. F. Symonds and his two grandchildren, Brigit and Caroline Addison

Myself at the Pictures

A Good Film Spoiled

By James Agate

Dead of Night (Gaumont) is an extremely odd compilation. It is based on stories by E. F. Benson, Angus MacPhail, John V. Baines and H. G. Wells. These are matched by four directors, Cavalcanti, Charles Crichton, Basil Dearden and Robert Hamer. The result is a mess—vivid, exciting, compelling but all the same a mess. A mess because Mr. Balcon—for I presume that four directors cannot run a film without a controlling mind any more than four horses can draw a coach without somebody on the box—has fallen for the theory that a British audience cannot tolerate any entertainment which exercises the mind unless there is a wedge of buffoonery to make that exercise bearable.

THE film is concerned with that kind of premonition which tells a man not to take a seat on a train headed for disaster. With

the dummy the film manages some sort of recovery. But even here the director has missed his way. Missed it through failure to keep normal and abnormal in separate compartments. The story of the mentally deranged ventriloquist who comes to believe that his dummy has an existence of its own is first-class horror stuff. Presently the dummy gets the upper hand, and it is equally horrible and credible that the dummy's domination should proceed from the ventriloquist's split mind furnishing the dummy with the words to implement that domination. And then the ventriloquist finds the dummy in a rival's bedroom in the dead of night and accuses him of stealing it. *How did the dummy get into the bedroom?* Two explanations are offered. The first is that it walked in of its own volition. This is unacceptable, since it springs upon the spectator something entirely outside the scope

will ruin a ghost story, his golf episode runs this film into a bunker from which it never recovers.

As I have the honour to be associated with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in an advisory capacity, it would manifestly be improper for me to pass judgment on *Perfect Strangers* (Empire). I have therefore asked an old friend, in whose judgment I place that reliance which Betsey Trotwood placed in Mr. Dick, to give the *Tatler* his views. My friend writes:—

On the whole the verdict is favourable. In spite of a marked paucity of incident and the snail-like pace of the action, I was interested, even mildly excited by this simple tale of a spiritless muff and his dowdy wife transformed by the vicissitudes of naval training into as fine and smart a couple as one could want to meet in a day's walk. This is the bright side of war indeed, and had the film been produced say in late 1939 it would have proved more effective than any recruiting poster. Anything even vaguely suggesting the horrors of war is kept at an invisible distance. The acting is excellent. Robert Donat dots every i and Deborah Kerr crosses every t. And Glynis Johns, as the pert, lively Wren makes a good foil to Deborah who is inclined to be a little sleepy at first, which, she may rightly plead, is in the nature of her part. I prophesy a long and successful career for this film, which will appeal to all wives and most husbands. Beautifully directed, of course. But let Sir Alexander be assured that there are bigger and better worlds waiting for him to conquer.

THE case for the gangster film might, I suppose, be put like this. Gangsterism was in the pre-war American air in the way that in Elizabethan times buccaneering was in the English air. Drake was a sea-thug and Dillinger was a land-thug, and while one kind inspired the greatest literature this country has ever produced, the other kind brought out the best in modern American writing. Gusto, in both cases, was, as always, the test. But shouldn't one call a halt here? Drake, during his exploits had what I believe the Americans call

a helluva time. The screen pretends that the same is true of gangsters, the moral of whose picture is that it's good while it lasts. For eight years I have been inviting Hollywood to screen Edward Anderson's *Thieves Like Us*. This book's three "heroes" are bank-robbers and murderers who have escaped the chair and got away from the jail in which they were serving life-sentences. The book is entirely without glory or vainglory. While the police and the newspapers are busy writing up the trio as daredevil, bragging luxuriant fellows having a high time at society's expense, we see them for what they are—downhearted, gibbering, subnormal wrecks snatching a moment's happiness out of the jaws of detection and despair. The story is an epic of the rat-trap, told from the point of view of the rat. It is amazingly pathetic. This film about Dillinger has some smack of the documentary; it shows Dillinger on the whole having a pretty thin time, but a thin time which would have gone on indefinitely if he hadn't failed to realize that a reward of 15,000 dollars is too much of a plum for a gangster's moll to resist. I can't quite see Hollywood's notion in putting out this film just now. No tale of gangsters, not even gangsters meeting their inevitable end, redounds to America's credit. Very well acted by Lawrence Tierney and Edmund Lowe. Just one little question. Does the absurd Hays Office imagine that audiences imagine the relations of gangster and moll to be strictly platonic?



Michael Redgrave, Hartley Power



Basil Radford, Naughton Wayne



Ralph Michael, Googie Withers

Awkward Moments in the New Michael Balcon Film "Dead of Night" Reviewed on This Page

this is bound up things like auto-suggestion, the persisting actuality of the past, second sight, Fourth-Dimensionalism, hallucination, coincidence, and all the speculative field covered by Dunne's Theory of Time. Six members of a house party invite a psychiatrist to explain their odd experiences, each, of course, illustrated in throw-back. For example, there is the story of the young wife who gives her husband an antique mirror which has belonged to a murderer. But what the mirror shows is not the present but the past, driving the young husband into an attempt to repeat the old crime. All this is extremely well done, and we follow with interest the psychiatrist's explanation of the irrational in terms of the rational.

AND then suddenly we find ourselves involved in a spoof episode about two golfers, one of whom lies about his score. Whereupon the friend who is cheated walks into a pond and drowns himself in order that his ghost may haunt the cheater. Which he does, only to discover that he has forgotten how to dematerialize. All this, as played by Basil Radford as the cheater and Naughton Wayne as the cheated, is extremely funny but makes nonsense of the film, whose tension it breaks with its Abbott and Costello-like nonsensicality. The explanation that it is a story invented to calm the nerves of the house-party occurs too late; the mischief is done. It is greatly to the credit of Michael Redgrave and Hartley Power that in the subsequent episode of the ventriloquist and

of the split mind, something which we do not believe, which is neither prepared for, nor followed up. The second explanation is that the ventriloquist himself conveyed the dummy to his rival's room at the dummy's orders, and while the rival was asleep. This won't do, for the simple reason that even ventriloquists don't neglect to lock bedroom doors in strange hotels. In other words, a good episode is ruined by faulty construction.

THIS, however, is a minor fault in comparison with the major blunder of the golf foolery. It will not avail Mr. Balcon to say that the audience laughed. Of course it laughed. It would have laughed if Mary Merrall had thrown a somersault in the middle of a séance. Be it remembered that a British audience laughed when, as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, Elizabeth Bergner turned a cartwheel among the farmyard ducks and hens. If Mr. Balcon was merely out to rake in the shekels, I have no doubt that he has tremendously succeeded. If he was out to make a first-class film, I have equally little doubt that he has failed. In the former case, why did he engage the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Ernest Irving, to play music by Georges Auric, seeing that the Coca Cola Boys thrumming Fiji fox-trots on muted bazoukas would, in the popular view, have done as well if not better? Was there nobody at Ealing Studios to tell Mr. Balcon to cut his golfers and put them in another film? That since one laugh



Viscount Camrose, who is one of Britain's greatest newspaper magnates, came to the premiere with Lady Camrose



Lady Cunard, whose son, Sir Edward Cunard, is private secretary to the Governor of Trinidad, talked to Mr. Harold Macmillan



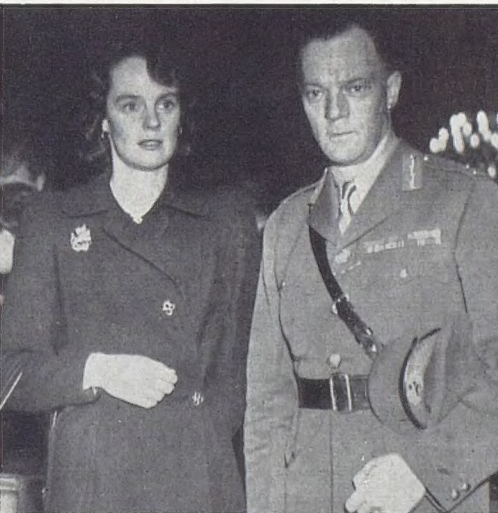
Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, who was one of the three war chiefs to be created baron in the recently published honours list, brought Lady Cunningham

Premiere Of A New British Film

"Perfect Strangers" At The Empire



Sir Alexander Korda, producer of the film, escorted Lady Jersey. Lady Jersey was formerly Virginia Cherrill, the Hollywood actress



The Chief of Combined Operations, Maj.-Gen. Robert Laycock, brought his wife who was formerly Miss Angela Dudley Ward



Lady Waddilove, who was not in Red Cross uniform that evening, was accompanied by her sister, Miss Le Grove



Lady Hartington, widow of the Marquess of Hartington, came with a family party. Behind her is Mr. James Cross



On his way into the Empire was the Leader of the House of Commons, and the Lord President of the Council, Mr. Herbert Morrison



Chatting in the foyer were the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, who is a sister of the Duke of Devonshire

The Theatre

"The Hasty Heart" (Aldwych)

SENTIMENTALISTS have as much right as cynics to enjoy themselves in the theatre, and here is our chance. Captain John Patrick's little play celebrating the triumph of human kindness in a convalescent ward behind the front in Burma adroitly invites our tears, but it keeps us smiling through them. It is a most cheering bit of pathos. War and wounds and untimely death are brought to mind, but sentiment lacquers the harsh reality of these ugly things and into the smooth surface has been worked an agreeable sheen of humour. Men must die and women must weep, but what noble creatures they are and what a grand old world it is, even behind the front in Burma.

IT is a play without a villain. Only the hero is not immediately likeable, but he is to be pitied, for he is dying of an incurable disease. The other soldiers in the ward make a jolly pretence that they are "fed up" with the sight of each other, but that is just their soldierly fun. Each of them—Yank or Digger, Kiwi, Tommy or Blossom—from whatever country he comes—and especially the nurse—is of true metal. Their chaff is amusingly rough but their hearts are of gold. When they hear that the newcomer has only a few weeks to live, they forget their mock feuds in the common resolve to make those few weeks as pleasant as they can. But the newcomer is an odd fish—a Scotsman with a grievance against a world which has always treated him harshly, so dourly pedantic that he resents being spoken to except for good reason shown, so thrifty and independent that he will accept neither a cigarette nor a civil word which he has no intention of returning. In short, as severe a strain upon human tolerance as poetic licence will allow.

Yet every one does his best, with disappointing results. Then the nurse has the happy

idea of presenting him with the kilt of his regiment on his birthday, and every one in the ward makes himself responsible for some article of the kit that goes with a kilt. The boy is deeply moved, but since he will not wear the kilt until he returns to his regiment, the birthday party falls a little flat. Not dramatically flat, however, for it starts the joke which is to last till the end of the play: what sort of pantie, if any, does a Scotsman wear beneath his kilt?

WHEN the curtain goes up again the hero is a new man. The party has revealed to him something which his hard upbringing has hitherto concealed from him—that kindness may be disinterested. He responds with pathetically clumsy eagerness. He consents to be photographed in the full glory of kilted walking out dress; he gives away cigarettes; he is anxious that his new-found friends shall share the piece of Scottish soil which he has bought at the price of a lifetime of hard work and self denial. The nurse falls in love with him, he with her, and his cup of joy (O irony!) is filled to overflowing. Alas, some high medical authority insists that he must be told that he is dying. Swiftly his mind reverts to its original state. All this friendliness and even the nurse's love has been given him out of pity. Life has cheated him again. He is seized with unmanageable tantrums—and things are only put right—or as right as they can

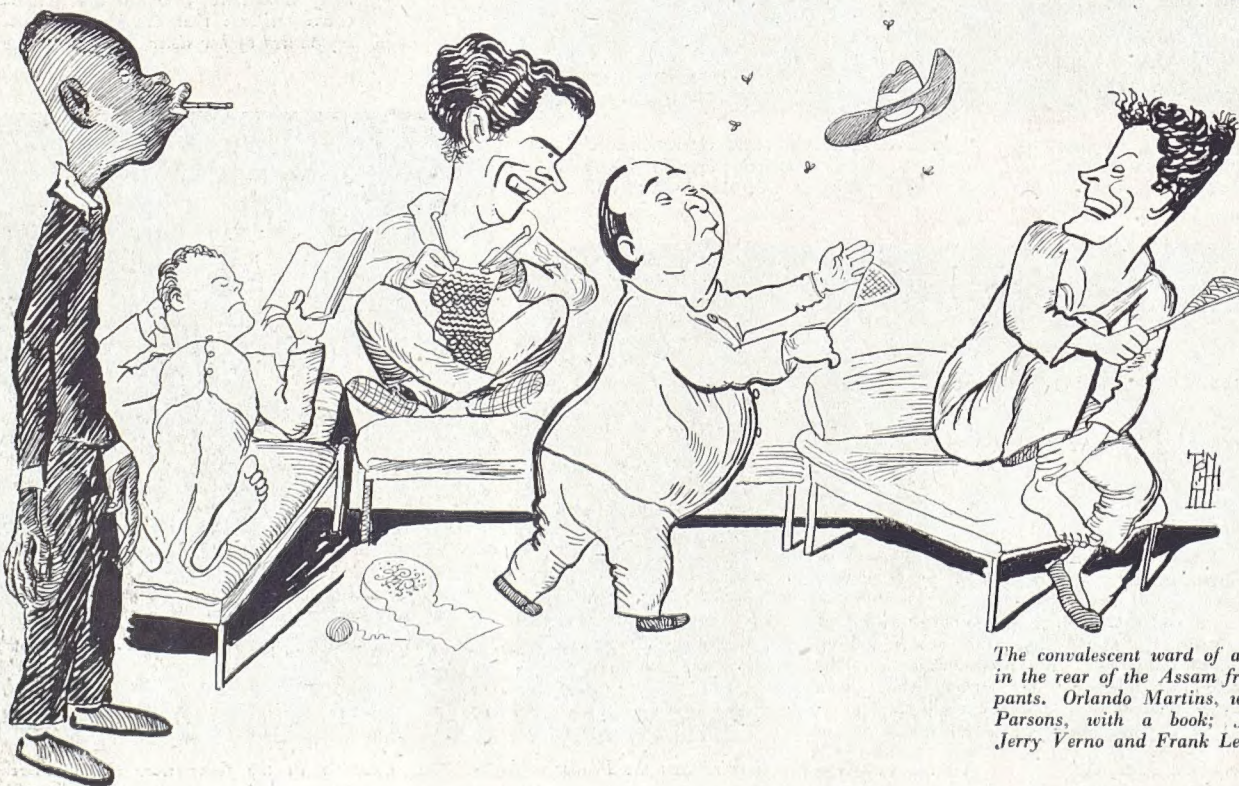
be—just in time for the last sad curtain.

PERHAPS none but the true sentimentalist will quite believe in the central figure, and some will hold that he spreads so much theatrical falsity through the play that it vitiates the humour, which is, by any reckoning, excellent. Mr. Emrys Jones, though no Scotsman, makes belief as easy as possible by suggesting vast reserves of good nature behind the tiresome exterior. Mr. Jerry Verno is in splendid form as the droll Cockney, and Mr. John McLaren, the impetuous Yank, and Mr. Frank Leighton, the sentimentally tough Digger, give him good support. Miss Margaretta Scott is most professionally cheerful as the sadly unprofessional nurse. And the audience manages to smile happily through its tears.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.



Soured Scotsman Lachlen (Emrys Jones) refuses a birthday present from the kind-hearted sister (Margaretta Scott) and prefers to wail on his bagpipes



Sketches by
Tom Titt

The convalescent ward of a British General Hospital in the rear of the Assam front with some of its occupants. Orlando Martins, with thermometer; Nicholas Parsons, with a book; John McLaren, knitting; Jerry Verno and Frank Leighton, swotting mosquitos

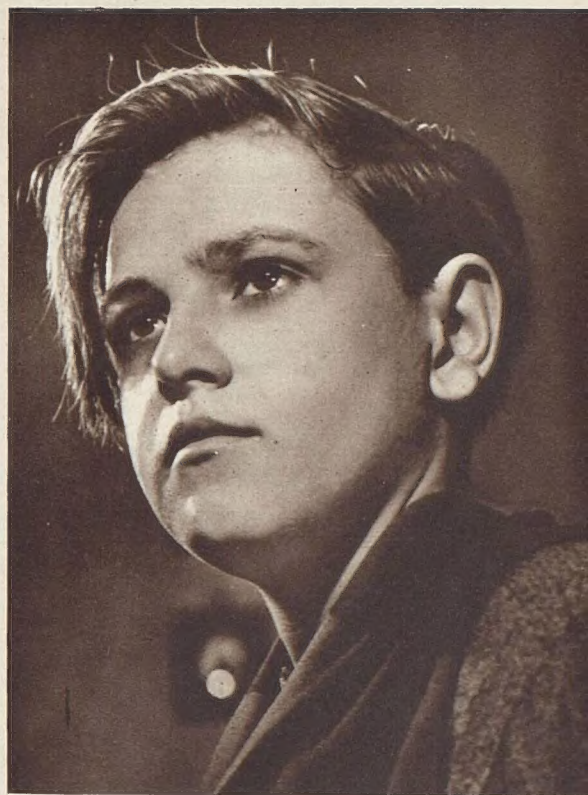


Valerie Taylor Has Taken Over Diana Wynyard's Part

Blessed Are the Believers

A New Disciple for the Young Messiah Joins
Emlyn Williams in "The Wind of Heaven"

● Valerie Taylor has joined Emlyn Williams at St. James's Theatre in his play *The Wind of Heaven*, taking over the role of Dilys Parry, originally so beautifully created by Diana Wynyard. As the childless widow who finds renewed hope and joy through the manifestations of a boy, the love-child of her servant, Valerie Taylor has a part calling for great emotional power and restraint. This is the first time she has acted with Emlyn Williams, but she has twice before been associated with him in the theatre—in his own adaptation of Turghenev's *A Month in the Country*, and when he directed her in *Watch on the Rhine*. In private life Valerie Taylor is the wife of Hugh Sinclair, and they have a ten-year-old son, Duncan



Clifford Huxley as the Young Messiah



Emlyn Williams—an Adventurer Who Turns Disciple

ON AND OFF DUTY

A Chronicle of Town and Country

Great Changes

WHILE Their Majesties are enjoying quiet holiday days on Deeside, a great return to peacetime conditions is going on at Buckingham Palace, in preparation for the Court's return to London. Throughout the war, the intricate organisation that is the Royal Household has been split between the two centres of Buckingham Palace and Windsor

Castle, with files and records, and other important documents, stored for safety from bombing at the Castle, and a large percentage of the Royal staff permanently residing at Windsor, and working there. This arrangement, obviously necessary in face of the constant dangers of war, had several distinct disadvantages—a great deal of duplication of labour, constant telephoning from London to Windsor and back, and the regular transference of papers and documents (to say nothing of staff and materials) as the King and Queen moved between the Castle and the Palace.

Several weeks back, the King decreed that the Windsor offices were no longer necessary, and should be shut down, their work and staff brought back to London, and centralised once more, as before the war, at Buckingham Palace, and, after a vast amount of turning out and reorganisation, the transfer was finally completed a few days ago, much to the satisfaction of all connected with the Court.

"The House in the Country"

WINDSOR CASTLE, after six long years of unaccustomed activity as the frequent residence of the Sovereign, and the centre of Royal affairs, has relapsed once again into its peacetime quietude as a dreamy residence of history, with no more dispatch-carrying motor-cyclists to disturb the shade of Herne the Hunter.

The Castle was, of course, "the house in the country," vague and nameless, where so many Royal functions during the war were recorded as having taken place, and although this particular "military secret" became a regular stock joke among the Royal Family and the Household, the security rules had to be obeyed. Court Circular was always dated from Buckingham Palace, frequently to the amusement of official visitors who had had to motor to Windsor and back for their audiences. On one point, however, the King was adamant: the Royal Standard was at all times flown from the Round Tower whenever he was in residence.

Courts Once More?

WITH the Palace thus back, in one way at least, to a peacetime footing, it is natural to wonder what is the position concerning the resumption of Courts, levees and the other great social functions that made up the pre-war "seasons." This whole question is, I believe, under consideration by Lord Cromer, the Lord Chamberlain, with other important members of the Household, and their recommendation will be put before the King very soon after the Court gets back from Scotland, so that as early an announcement as possible may be made.

Ascot is another matter on which some authoritative guidance should be forthcoming in the autumn, for there are rumours that some kind of big-scale four-day meeting, on something approaching the old lines, may be held next summer, though with little or no prospect of any relaxation in austerity or clothes rationing, it is difficult to see how the dress question can be solved.

Holyroodhouse Palace is Ready

ONE matter on which the King has already made known his wishes is that of the use of Royal residences when the Court is out of London. On the forthcoming Royal visit to Edinburgh, for example, Their Majesties will be in residence at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, the first time the ancient home of the Scottish Kings has been used thus since before the war. On all wartime visits to Scotland, the King has slept aboard the Royal train, in order to cut unnecessary ceremonial to the minimum, and to save staff; and His Majesty's decision to reopen Holyrood on this occasion may be a welcome augury of a general return to more normal conditions at Court.

Christening

THE Spanish Ambassador's pretty young daughter, the Duchess of Montoro, made her first appearance as a godmother to an English baby when she undertook that task at the christening of Capt. and Mrs. Dennis Alexander's little girl. This was at Grosvenor Chapel, when the Rev. Cyril Pearson gave the baby the names of Tana Marie. The fluffy-haired little Spanish Duchess looked very smart in a biscuit-coloured coat with revers of bright turquoise blue, matching the row of velvet flowers which did duty as a hat.

The baby's good-looking mother (who was Ghislaine Dresselhuys before her marriage) wore the fashionable brown, and on her head had an amusing green felt cap decked with most luscious-looking red plums and green apples!

(Concluded on page 344)



Married in London

Swaebe

Capt. Ralph Francis Leyland, of the Leicestershire Regiment, was married recently at St. Mary's, Cadogan Place, to Miss Angela Noel Leaf, daughter of the late Major N. W. M. Leaf, 15th/19th Hussars, and Mrs. Speed. With the bride and bridegroom are Marietta Speed and Alison Macgregor



Shropshire Wedding

Swaebe

Miss Diana Howard Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Thompson, of Coton Hall, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, married Capt. G. W. Banner-Martin, of the Indian Army, son of Mr. and Mrs. Banner-Martin, of Southsea. The best man was Lt. R. Banner-Martin, D.S.C., R.N., and the two bridesmaids were Celia and Elizabeth Thompson



Lady Salisbury and Lady Hermione Cobbold were together. Lady Hermione is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lytton



Guests at the wedding who were setting a brisk pace across the park were Mr. Lytton and Miss Lytton

Large Country Wedding

Col. the Hon. C. M. Woodhouse
and the Countess of Erne



Col. the Hon. C. M. Woodhouse, D.S.O., Lord and Lady Terrington's second son, is seen leaving the church with his bride, who was formerly the Countess of Erne. The wedding was at Knebworth Parish Church



Mr. Winant, the American Ambassador in London, was with Lt.-Cdr. Herbert Agar, who is special assistant to the American Ambassador, and Mrs. Agar



The parents of the bridegroom, Lord and Lady Terrington, were photographed together. Lord Terrington, who is the third baron, succeeded his brother in 1940

● The wedding of Lord and Lady Terrington's second son, Col. the Hon. Christopher Montague Woodhouse, D.S.O., to the Countess of Erne, took place at Knebworth Parish Church. The Countess of Erne is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lytton, whose home is Knebworth House, Knebworth, and the widow of the late Earl of Erne, who died of wounds in 1940. Among the guests at the wedding was the American Ambassador, Mr. Winant, with his special assistant, Lt.-Cdr. H. Agar, and the British Ambassador to Greece, Sir Reginald Leeper

Right: Other guests at the wedding were Lord Chesham, and Lady Chesham, who was formerly the Countess of Carrick



In a family group were Lord and Lady Terrington's elder son, Major the Hon. David Woodhouse, and his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Woodhouse, with Lady Terrington and the Earl of Lytton

A Family in Bedfordshire

Lord and Lady Luke
and Their Children

● The home of Lord and Lady Luke is attractive Odell Manor, Bedfordshire, for Lord Luke's place, Odell Castle, was unfortunately partly destroyed by fire several years ago. Lord Luke, who is the second Baron, and succeeded his father in 1943, is in the Bedfordshire and Herts Regiment. Lady Luke was formerly Miss Barbara Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, and the younger daughter of Sir FitzRoy Hamilton Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe. Lord and Lady Luke have a family of four. The eldest, the Hon. Arthur Lawson-Johnston, was twelve in January; Caroline is two years younger; Harry aged seven, and the youngest, Andrew, was born last year

A View from the Garden of Odell Manor, Bedfordshire

Photographs by Swaebe



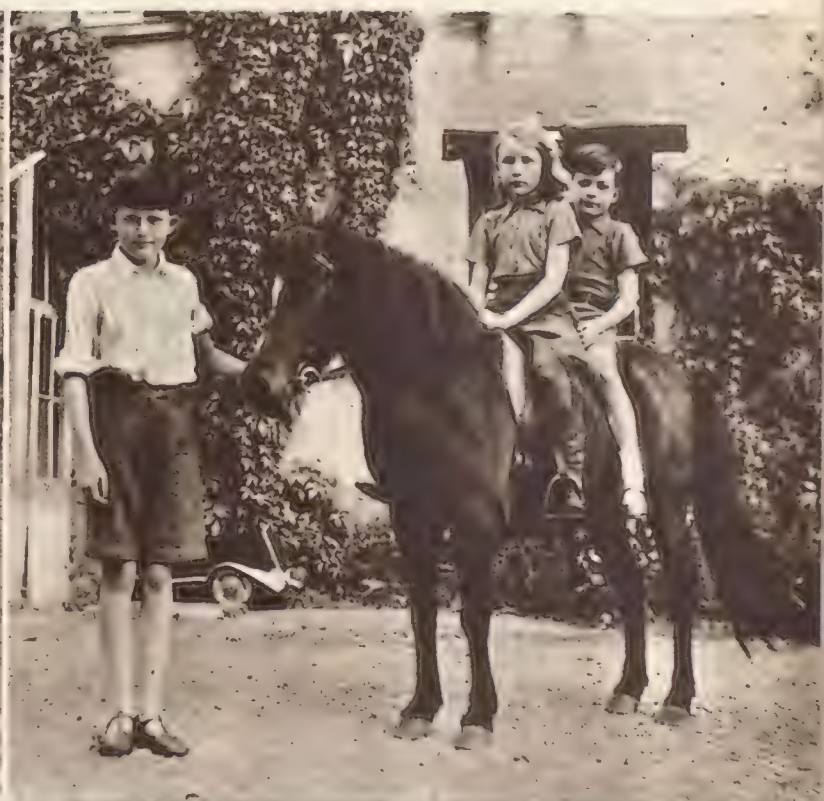
A Game with Andrew: Lady Luke with Her Youngest Son



A Family Group in the Garden: Lord and Lady Luke with Caroline, Andrew, Arthur and Harry



It's a Mixed Bag on the See-Saw—but the Dogs Enjoy It



Arthur Takes Charge of Caroline and Harry on Their Pony

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ALLLEGING that it was "not so very long ago" that British women began to smoke quite openly, one of the publicity boys seemed to us to invite the question: "And what, my dear Rollo, do you mean by 'not so very long ago'?"

Memsahibs in Georgian hoops, powder, and patches smoked openly at Calcutta parties, an Anglo-Indian chap once told us, attended by high-blood-pressured beaux in white satin who deftly changed the mouth-piece as they handed the uncoiled water-pipe. Naturally when Papa made his packet like other Nabobs and they returned home this memory was tabu, and the girls had to swoon and cry "Fie!" and "Faugh!" at pipe-smokers like any others. Doubtless Papa often gave them away when one-over-the-eight, rolling bloodshot eyes in a puffy yellow face and cynically remarking to eligible swains: "Divine Lindamira, Sir, my left Foot! D—n me, on the Shiny the Wench used to smoke like a Chimbley!" The story about the *khiltmagar* on *shikar* at Dhirtipore in '69 would ensue, followed by the story of the Governor on *bundobust* at Wallahpatam in '75, and the match was off. Anglo-Indian stories, in themselves enough, were more or less fresh at this period,

however, and rarely emptied a dining-room completely, even in Cheltenham. Clive's suicide later in the century was the first indication that revolt and desperation were in the air. Wellington (then Colonel Wellesley) captured Poonah itself in 1802, hoping maybe to kill the whole thing dead at source. He failed.

Footnote

FAST girls took up smoking again—with cigars—in the 1840's, when the Island Race was too numb and dazed with Anglo-Indian stories to care what they did. Maybe we're a cad to go raking up these earlier stories against the mems? All right, then, we're a cad. Nay, a jungly-wallah.

Climax

THAT Nazi spy caught at Trinidad who gave himself away by the clicking of his false teeth is A.I. by Crimes Club standards, we assume. In the midnight beer-cellar of Chap. XLV that click would impinge very nicely on horrified ears. Also in the



MAURICE MCLOUGHLIN

"Any particular urgency about the suit, Sir?"

diving-bell scene of Chap. LXXVI. We're still hoping for a diving-bell climax in spy circles. Might not Otto von Klumpff, terror of Europe's Secret Services, be up to something in a diving-bell at 15 fathoms? We fancy any good detective-hero would stumble on this possibility after a few weeks' hard thinking.

"Why a diving-bell?"

"I think he is bored."

"Impossible!"

(Everybody much taken aback. Fancy being bored with the detective stuff! But the hero gives a grim smile and produces a scrap of onion-paper in cipher.)

"I found this in my hat. It says: 'I am sick of all this dashing about and all the hard, keen faces everywhere, and changing my clothes, and I am above all bored with you. I am therefore getting out of this story and retiring to a diving-bell with an interesting book.—VON KLUMPF. P.S.—I am also sick of that bun-faced heroine you trail around.'"

When they ultimately find him, at 15 fathoms, the sleuth-hero barks "Give up those secret naval photographs!" and Von Klumpff absently flips over an Admiralty receipt and resumes *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and everybody looks dazed and nobody embraces the heroine and they all feel like hell and the story ends, none too soon.

Theory

EMERGING shyly from its wartime camouflage, the 420-ft. long Kiwi Bird carved by New Zealand troops in 1914-18 on one of the chalk hills round Salisbury Plain recovers its place as a puzzle to future archaeologists (if civilisation lasts that long), in company with the White Horses of Berkshire, the Long Man of Wilmington in Sussex, and the highly indelicate Cerne Abbas Giant in Dorset.



"A dissatisfied customer to see you, Mr. Johnson"

The archæologist boys have dropped their one-time pet theory that these carvings were all the work of the monks, of whom they know very little. They now attribute them to Prehistoric Man, of whom they know even less. The Long Man, said to be the light-god Pol, throwing open the gates of the dawn (cf. Polegate, close by), was a more difficult guess than the Cerne Abbas Giant, who symbolises a fertility-rite, like first-class cricket, and embarrasses the Race considerably as it ambles past, talking about Dainty Teas and pretending not to notice. Yet if the Race knew more about esoteric symbolism of the Rite of Cricket, revealed to us by the late Archie Macdonell on a long drowsy afternoon during a Test match at Northampton a few years ago, it would hide its flustered homely pan in horror. Bat, ball, wickets, bails, white flannels, pads, quaint little caps—the Macdonell Theory covers them all.

We wanted Macdonell to print this thesis in the interests of Science and present it formally to the Royal Society, but he said it would choke them. He thought this would be a pity.

Blade

ALL those surrendering Japanese high-ups trotting round recently with lacquer-sheathed ancestral swords of ceremony attached to their waistbelts must have had at least one more worry, apart from saving face, than the Special Correspondents mentioned. If you know any collector of antique Japanese swords you will know what it was, namely the worry that some low dog might unsheath their swords and breathe on them.

Razor-keen and shining like glass, these precious curving blades must not be breathed on by outsiders. Their owner may breathe the post-war gin all over them with impunity, but if anybody else dares to do so the finely-tempered steel rusts at once and the whole thing falls to pieces. For this reason the life of a Japanese-sword collector is one long dance of agony, and he is liable to slice wellbred girls for crooning too ardently over a favourite piece.

What happened when the Samurai actually used these swords in battle, we guess, is that their enemies crept up and breathed



"The top picture is a prehistoric animal, done in 25,000 B.C. by palæolithic man. The bottom picture is Major "Sniffy" Patterson, done this morning by me"

on them before their owner could get into his swing. Then they would smile toothily, bowing three times and drawing in their breath as politeness directs, meaning "Hon. sucks-boo," or "So much for Sotheby."

Sleuth

THAT M.P. for a fishing-port who recently signed on for a week as a spare trawler-hand on the North Sea grounds in order to get "the fishermen's point of view" has probably got it by now, unless he perished a martyr to documentation. We ask ourselves if he could not have got as much, with less agony, by talking to a few fishermen in the local pub.

This passion for contact with Raw Life has caused many literary gents to suffer greatly, including the ones who frequent dives and low night-clubs, slightly flushed and studying character. These are often doped, knocked on the head, or roped in by the cops, apart from having to explain things at home. Down in the Hick Belt novelists on the trail of the Homespun run similar risks from the angry locals. Far wiser was jolly old Housman (A. E.), who wrote *A Shropshire Lad* in the comfort of his Cambridge study and never got within fifty miles of the Wrekin, unless we err.

Chum

SUMMER, as it is often called in these islands, being nearly over, the swallows are engaging the Nature boys' attention once more as they (the swallows) sit in rows on the telegraph-wires, arguing about emigration like a lot of twittering M.P.s returned on the Empire Ticket.

The Nature boys are a bit cagey over swallows, we find, having been fooled for a long time by two wonderful 18th-century explanations of the winter procedure of these feathered chums, namely (a) that they emigrate to the Moon, and (b) that they hibernate at the bottom of ponds. As the pond theory was a scientific Swedish one, and as the Swedes are blue-eyed, clean, virtuous, tidy, and truthful, like all Nordics, the Nature boys swallowed this story hook, line, and sinker without troubling to test it. When somebody finally discovered where swallows really do go in winter, the boys were naturally filled with shame and, we guess, had a thin time with their wives.

"You and your ponds! Everybody's laughing at you! I saw Lady Barkinson outside the grocer's absolutely rolling on the ground!"

Anybody but a Nature boy would say "To hell with that popeyed old battleaxe, anyway" and carry on with writing a piece about simple wildflowers. But the boys are glum and poor-spirited, owing to being bullied in Fleet Street, where the Ads. Managers who run the show think Nature is the bunk. D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Yes, but we didn't mean any offence"

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

August Roundabout

DO.A.H.—It took the celebrations of Liberation Day to show the world, via the news-reels, that will probably reach you before this does, how empty Paris has become since August 1st. The crowd that assembled to greet the various delegations that marched up the Champs-Élysées to pay homage to the Unknown Soldier's grave was only three deep along the avenue and mostly khaki-coloured at that. Despite the difficulties of travel, thousands of workers are away on their *congés payés* and the rest were, no doubt, tending their tomatoes in the suburbs; also I have a sneaking idea that the *panem et circenses* stunt has been a bit overplayed in this country. Too much circus, so to write, and not enough gingerbread. Of course, we have hopes for the future, not only of bread—that is to be "free" in October—but also of a lick of margarine to spread on it, if we may believe

Nazis, spent a lot of time trying to convince his fellow-townsmen of the Boches' magnanimity in their dealings with France, in lauding their music and literature (that I do not deny) and their general culture (that I do!). I met him again before La Rochelle—he having mysteriously become a full-blown captain of F.F.I., with a handy little car in which he used to buzz off to Saintes to get his hair cut whenever there was a rumour that the Boche was likely to make a sortie. Safety first was certainly his motto, and he seems to have got away with it, which makes me see red when I think of all the ragged, ill-equipped, anonymous heroes who died during the battle of *la pointe de Graves*.

AT night Paris was gayer than in the daytime, and the Place de l'Opéra was packed solid with a dense mass of humanity that waited for

the management hopes to produce shows that will outrival those of the Folies Bergère and the Casino de Paris. This ought to be fairly easy, for both these famous establishments have relied too long on their world-famous reputation and have been content, even since Liberation, to drag along with makeshift productions, second-rate artistes (occasionally helped out by a star turn), old scenery and dusty rags from the wardrobe mistress's reserves. The Pigalle, which will be renamed les Folies Montmartre, was built some years ago by Philip de Rothschild, who is known to the theatrical world under the pen name of André Pascal. It is one of the finest theatres in the world on account of its mechanical contrivances. It has a huge, revolving stage that can be enlarged or diminished as need occurs. Immense and powerful lifts can lower or elevate its various sections, and remarkable lighting effects can be achieved by an intricate electric installation. Maurice Hermite, who was at the Folies Bergère for many years, has taken over the management; he intends to produce revues that will be both spectacular and witty. What an optimist! His slogan is: Fairy tales for Grown-ups! The leading lady of the first production will be Geneviève Guitry, who is the only one of Sacha Guitry's numerous official and near-official wives to have used his



Maria Dea is the leading lady at the Théâtre de Paris. She is appearing at the moment in "Un Ami Viendra Ce Soir," a highly successful play about the Maquis, which is shortly to be adapted for the British stage



Gaby Morlay, the great French film-star and leading lady, still refuses to dye her nails, pluck her eyebrows or change her hair style. During the Occupation, Gaby's dressing-room was the rendezvous and message centre for escapists from Nazi tyranny



Lucienne Boyer, who made the lovely song "Parlez-moi d'Amour" world-famous, has concentrated on family life during the past few years. She is married to Jacques Pills, one of the well-known duettist team—Pills et Tabet

Minister Pineau's declarations to the Press on his return from the States. Sceptical souls vow that all he has brought back are promises and a list of the best Black Market restaurants in New York . . . but we like to think that this is merely the French love of *un bon mot* at the expense of those in authority, Gallic wit being ever summum destructive!

THE promotion naphthaline—or, as we might call it, the Moth Ball Brigade—was well to the fore during the festivities. These are the lads and lassies, most of them old enough to know better, who got their uniforms out of storage after September 1944 and have since done most of the shouting, though they so discreetly were mum while other people risked their lives during the dark days. A fine specimen of the M.B.B. was a certain Bordelais, a man in the early thirties, whom I met at Bordeaux during the Occupation, and who, when he was through with selling his wine to the

hours to hear Lily Pons do some top-note gargling from the balcony of the Opera House. At the cross-roads and street corners the dancing lasted till dawn and the soldiers had a great time of it, with girls galore and cafés open all night. It was a gorgeous, moonlit night, not too warm for dancing and yet warm enough for bathing; in the shallows of the Seine near the Ile St. Louis and at the Point du Jour there were swimming parties; at one or two places one had the impression of having strayed into a nudist colony. No complaints.

THE theatres and music-halls that closed down during August are reopening. The Lido and Tabarin shows are lovelier than ever, and the Alhambra is giving a revival of that gay little operetta *Une femme par jour*, that had such a run at the tiny Capucines Theatre and is doing just as well on a stage that is four times as big. Very shortly the Théâtre Pigalle, where *Flashing Stream* was *succès d'estime* last spring, is to become a music-hall, where

name on the stage. Harry Randall, "of Paris and London" and, of recent years, E.N.S.A. fame, is to be the *grande vedette*.

THE demand for invitations to the First Night is so great that a special staff of secretaries has been engaged to cope with it. So many new "dailies" have burst into print since Liberation, bringing in their wake so many new butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers to be served, that the seating of all these would-be first-nighters is a problem, the housing capacity of the ex-Pigalle not being on the same scale as its magnificent stage. As for the legion of new, young critics . . . they have to be seen (but not read) to be believed, and it would be kinder not to write about them. Throwing hand-grenades and storming tanks, as many of them did during the Wonderful Days, is heroic and splendid, but I have me doots whether that kind of drama fits a lad to judge the other kind.

PRISCILLA.



Col. Humphrey Butler, C.V.O., M.C.

From the Portrait Painted
by Cuthbert Orde

Col. Humphrey Butler, well known in many spheres as a fine horseman, keen soldier and racing driver, is now British Liaison Officer to H.M. King George of the Hellenes. Col. Butler has ridden in many point-to-points and won the King's Cup in the K.R.R.C. regimental races twice. He served with the K.R.R.C. during the 1914-18 War and went on the Reserve in 1920. From 1930 to 1939 he was Equerry to H.R.H. the late Duke of Kent, and left him at the beginning of the war to command the 8th Battalion, K.R.R.C. In 1944 he took part in the Commando raid on Symie Island in the Eastern Aegean. Col. Butler has had an exciting life quite apart from his military career. He acted for a short time as a White Hunter in Africa and was at one time a partner of Sir Henry Birkin, acting as his mechanic when the famous motor-race driver broke the record for the Ards circuit in Belfast.



Nancy: "I shan't be in for dinner to-morrow, Mother. It's the office discussion group night"

Mrs. Barrington: "... what are you going to discuss?"

Nancy: "Whether the unfit should, or should not, be sterilised"

The in-laws with whom the young Mrs. Barrington passes the war years consist of Mother (Elizabeth Mason), sister (Margaret Barton), brother (Peter Hammond)



Jo: "You see, I've altered a lot. Martin may not like me as I am now"

The young Mrs. Barrington (Leueen McGrath) has, in her husband's absence overseas, made a career for herself. Through her work she meets Col. Paul Renwick (Ivan Samson), who falls in love with her

Jo: "And to
Unexpect
returns how
his wife. H
adoring ma

Post-War Problem Play:

"Young Mrs. Barrington" Sets Out to Find a Solution to the Emotional Difficulties of Marital Readjustment



Mrs. Barrington: "While Jo's living here I can be so much use to her—teaching her all the little things that'll come in useful"

Mrs. Barrington is a widow a little over fifty. Her interests are entirely centred round her family. She is an adoring but utterly possessive mother



Paul: "I would like a final decision to-night, because, as I said earlier, there is a certain urgency"

Paul has offered Jo a job. It is an excellent one, which thrills Jo with its possibilities, but she hesitates to leave Marty so soon after his return



Jo: "I'm going to take the job, whatever he says. We've got to get away, on our own"

Jo, oddly dissatisfied with her renewed married life, asks the advice of a neighbour, Mary Haddon (Joan Haythorne), a married woman, about thirty-eight, with great charm

Archie
brother
door
girl of

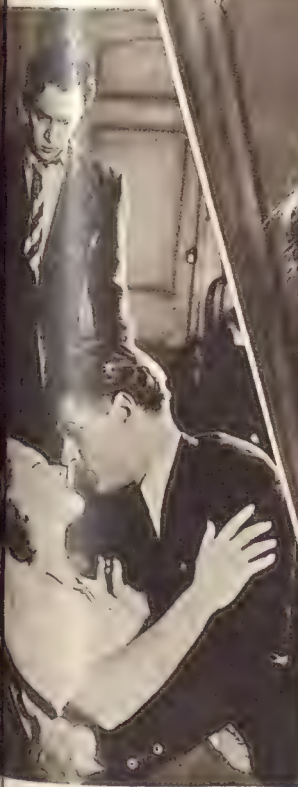


this afternoon I was trying
 over what you looked like"
 Martin Barrington (Tom Gill)
 after four years' separation from
 expects to find a loving wife, an
 and the old home atmosphere

Nancy: "D'you always have to have a
 drink when you see a client?"
 Nancy Barrington is twenty, dark, not at all
 pretty, a serious-minded young woman
 deeply concerned with "the future." Her
 companion is Tim Acland (Sydney King)



Jo: "The windows look out over the garden—which just
 now is full of red roses"
 Jo and Martin are brought together, strangely enough,
 through the illness of Paul. Martin, wiser now, handles the
 situation sympathetically, and the curtain falls as the
 young couple leave the house on their second honeymoon



Tim: "Will you marry this drunken old piece, when you
 come back off holiday?"
 Nancy gets her first proposal, which she accepts with
 unmaidenly joy. Tim Acland is a friend of Martin's
 and one time Liaison Officer with his R.A.F. Group

● Young Mrs. Barrington, which was
 presented by Linnit and Dunfee at the
 Winter Garden Theatre last week, is particu-
 larly well-timed, for its theme must be
 unusually appropriate at this hour when
 thousands of Service men are returning home
 from abroad for demobilisation after an
 absence of four years or more. Its author
 is Warren Chetham Strode, who says that
 although he has made no attempt to offer a
 universal panacea for the state of marital
 sickness resultant on weary years of enforced
 separation, he has tried to give a point
 of view which may, or may not, be
 adaptable to individual circumstances

Photographs by Alexander Bender

John Buchan's Grandson

A Young Man With a Great Heritage



Edmund Fairfax-Lucy Poses in the Arms of His Mother



Two Family Pets—the Persian and the Tabby



Edmund's Home—"Freelands," in the Ancient Village of Westwell

● Edmund Fairfax-Lucy was born this summer, the son of Major Brian Fairfax-Lucy (late Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders) and the Hon. Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy, who was formerly Miss Alice Buchan. Edmund is the 34th Lucy of Charlecote and comes of a family whose name has made history through the centuries. Their home since the twelfth century, Charlecote Park, near Stratford-on-Avon, was recently presented to the National Trust. It is richly associated with Shakespeare, and Queen Elizabeth really did stay there in 1576. On his mother's side, Edmund is descended from the great John Buchan, Governor-General of Canada and the first Baron Tweedsmuir.

Photographs by F. J. Goodman



Edmund Takes His Ease Under the Proud Eyes of His Father and Mother



A Unit of the Air Training Corps in Camp at a R.N. Air Station in Scotland

The A.T.C. have recently been holding camps at many of the stations in Scotland, and at one Royal Naval Air Station the Station Commander was photographed with several of his officers and the A.T.C. cadets. Sitting: F/O. R. Walker, F/O. C. Tully, F/Lt. W. McKinlay, S/Lt. (A) D. Harley, R.N.V.R., A. L. Troop (Chaplain), R.N.V.R., Dr. (S) A. R. P. Brown, R.N., Cdr. (A) J. Goodyear, R.N.V.R. (Station Commander), W/Cdr. J. Chalmers, M.B.E., M.C., S/Ldr. A. H. Bruce, Lt. (A) J. A. Pankhurst, R.N.Z.N.V.R., F/Lt. D. Kennedy, F/O. W. Craig, F/O. T. T. Falconer

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

Reggie Hooper

WE on this paper never knew him as anything else, and, therefore, to say that his sudden death is a very personal sorrow to all of us is no mere empty phrase of words. We, who have worked with him, have lost something much more than a first-class stoker to the boat—a friend. Reggie Hooper was incapable of an unworthy action. *Requiescat!*

Hippodromania

OWING to the inevitable descent of the Printers' Portcullis, even before the field for the Leger has had time to get down to the post, it may not be possible to say very much, if anything, about this 1945 contest, which has caused even more jabber than a boxing championship. The market sustained its reputation for nervousness up to the very end, and the latest springer was Naishapur, who ought, no doubt, to have won the Oaks. If Dante had not come to the rescue of The Ring, it is more than probable that it would have had a worse race than it did over the Derby. Now, I should think that, whatever has won, it will have had a pretty good one, for the confiding public has been backing plenty of them, and the top four seem to have been sprayed with shekels with a nice impartiality. Stirling Castle and Rising Light have alternated as favourites with a slight fraction of odds between them; Blue Smoke was obviously backed after her devastating win at Newmarket; Abbots Fell, the only serious threat, having been quite unable to compete with the hard ground; there was also money for Chamossaire; and then, at the last, came this rush for Naishapur, inspired, as I opine, because it was reported that the Head Waiter liked the way she went with him in a gallop. Other people were not so impressed by her display against Filator. However, it was only a private gallop, in which you can do as you please and go as you please. I do not like discouraging anyone, but we all know what has always been said about jockeys' tips. Blue Smoke is the only one who won over the full distance before the race. She has been entered for both the Cesarewitch (October 17th) and the Jockey Club Cup (November 1st), each over 2½ miles, and so has her stable companion, Ocean Swell, winner of the latter last year, and also of the Derby, so no wonder some people sat up and took quite a bit of notice. Fair Glint, it will be observed, is also entered in both these long-distance races.

P.S.—The following is the result of the Leger, the most discussed race of modern times: 1. Chamossaire; 2. Rising Light; 3. Stirling Castle.

The Champion Stakes

A WONDERFUL entry for October 18th, and if it were not only 1¼ miles, what a real championship it would be! Court Martial, Dante, Hycilla, Hobo, Battle Hymn, Naishapur, Fair Glint (not quite far enough for him, I should think), Par Excellence and Chamossaire. Plenty of material for a fight, and even if Dante goes for it, I shall not be astonished if



Chairman of the Inter-Services Cricket Club

Major-Gen. T. N. F. Wilson, who is Chairman of the Inter-Services Cricket Club, has also been on the Selection Board for all the Test and Service matches. With him is his A.D.C., Capt. Cowryn

Court Martial, the best-looking of the whole fleet of them, beats him again, especially after Dante's recent set-back. Anyway, there is the mother and father of a great scrap between these two and Hycilla, last year's winner. She is a great little mare, and a quality lady despite anything the Jersey Act says about her.

Travellers' Tales

SO many people will so soon be returning to the bosoms of their families that I think it may help a bit if a few rough hints are produced as a skeleton for the tales that will be demanded of them. Anyone from Furrin Parts without a yarn about a tiger, an elephant, a cobra or a crocodile is not rated very high in either East Peckham or even Brook Street, and as nowadays everyone is so sophisticated, very few of the stock ones are of any more use than a sick headache. For instance, do not try that one about how, when you were fishing on the banks of the Indus, and had just got into

(Concluded on page 340)



His Latest Protégé D. R. Stuart

Sir Home Gordon, the Hon. Secretary of the Sussex County Cricket Club, is seen with his latest protégé, Peter Blake, who captained Eton this summer, and has made four centuries

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

a 200-lb. mahseer (a fish), a crocodile came up and tried to make one bite of you and your catch, you bunged a rock down his throat and choked him, just in time to let you put your foot on a 20-ft. king cobra and turn round and plug a tiger who was right back on his hocks, ready for a spring. It won't work. I've tried it. On the other hand, you might get away with that one about the tiger trying to swim the Ganges, and how you dropped your rifle overboard from the launch in which you were travelling, recovered it by getting a grapnel through the trigger-guard, and then found no difficulty at all in bagging a record cat, 22 ft. as he lay on the deck after being hoisted aboard. This one would start at about 6 to 4, but it is worth having a crack at it.

But . . .

If you want a really true, watertight one that no one will dare to question, try the monkey battle. I know that it is true, because not only did I see the monkeys, but it was told me by the husband of Sapphira Smith. She was a most engaging woman, even if terribly plain about the head, rather like a gnu, and the chaps used to say that if you danced with her you risked either broken ribs or a collar-bone. She was that hard you could strike matches on her. Ananias, her husband, was not a liar; that would be a complete under-description. He was likewise a treacherous pig, and a past-master of the catch-as-catch-can. He would count the knobs on a billiard-table, and then lure the unsobber on to bet about them. Sapphira loved monkeys, so she said to him: "You go get some—and don't argue!" As he was no good at climbing trees, this is how he set about it—so he told me. Monkeys love stuff called gûr—uncanonised sugar—so Ananias got a large pot of it, hid himself off to the nearest forest or jungle, stuck the pot down in a clearing, or elephants' parade,



Air Ace to Marry

W/Cdr. "Laddie" Lucas, D.S.O., D.F.C., Croix de Guerre, the fighter pilot, and one of Britain's greatest pre-war golfers, is to marry Miss Jill Addison, of Ascot. His fiancée is the sister-in-law of G/Capt. Douglas Bader



Personalities at the R.A.F. Golf Meeting

D. R. Stuart

S/Ldr. Cecil Beamish, the Rugger International, was second in the singles and won the foursomes with F/Lt. Edward. In a cheerful group are S/Ldr. Beamish, F/Lt. B. Evans, Air Commodore K. Cross, D.S.O., D.F.C., M.B.E., who is another well-known Rugger International, and S/Ldr. D. L. Gould

and gathered some thick shillelachs from the ebony trees and put them near the pot. Then he lay low and waited. In less than two minutes, so Ananias said, there was a free-for-all Donnybrook—and all he then had to do was to take his pick and carry them home to Sapphira, who quickly brought them back to life by breathing on them. You are certain to get away with this one.

There are some others which I could tell you, but this one, I think, will out-Campbell even the Commander.

If

You want to be downright cruel, tell the old folks at home about the club in which the members grouched horribly about having so many meringues on Sundays. These things, I understand, are made from the whites of eggs. The *causa causans* was that the yolks had been used in the prairie oysters after the dance supper the night before. This will not go down a bit well in the present egg situation, but if you are hard up for something you might give it a run. One word more. Avoid Poona and pig-sticking, for they will call you a liar almost before you get the words out of your mouth.



G/Capt. Douglas Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C. (right), the well-known air ace, who was a prisoner of war in Germany, went round with Air/Cdre J. Silvester, C.B.E., whose handicap is six



Arnold Bentley, with a plus-two handicap, was second on the afternoon's round. He played for England in the Boys' International in 1928, was runner-up in the French Amateur Championship in 1938, and was English Amateur holder



S/Ldr. Roe won the Scratch Prize, and S/Ldr. Roberts (right) was his partner in the foursomes. S/Ldr. Roe also won the First Division prize, but as no competitor can win two prizes, it was awarded to S/Ldr. Beamish

More Familiar Faces at the R.A.F. Golf Meeting Held at Moor Park

D. R. Stuart



THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
SEPTEMBER 12,
341



The Royal Windsor Horse Show Club's Children's Pony Show and Gymkhana in the Home Park, Windsor

Mrs. W. Kent and Mr. H. Frank were the two judges of the Best Pony Classes. A number of well-known young riders were in the ring, and competitors came from as far away as Southampton and the West Country

The winner of the Best-Turned-Out Horse and Rider was Miss Jane Kent's Aramis. The class was judged for 50 per cent. horse and rider, and for horsemanship. The riders had to be between sixteen and eighteen

Count Robert Orssich and Mr. Horace Smith were the judges of the Best-Turned-Out Horse and Rider, and the Pony Club Competition, where rider, horse and saddlery were marked on condition and turn-out



The National Championships of the British Horse Jumping Association at the White City

In the Juvenile Championship Miss P. Moss, who is the rider and owner of Brandy, is seen clearing the jump. She finished second in the competition, which was for riders under sixteen

Eleven-year-old Alan Oliver, was the youngest competitor in the National Championship, in which many of the finest horsemen and horsewomen in the country took part. His father, Mr. Felix Oliver, was also riding



The Winners of the National Championship and the Juvenile Championship with Their Trophies

Major Nat Kindersley, riding his horse Maguire, which is a seventeen-year-old veteran of many pre-war shows, won the National Championship. Major Kindersley was taken prisoner by the Germans at Dunkirk. Maguire cleared every jump without a single fault, and received a great ovation

The winner of the Juvenile Championship was fourteen-year-old H. Betteridge, who won the challenge cup and £30. He is seen receiving the trophy from the Duke of Beaufort. Four girls took the next four places

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Elizabeth Bowen

Family Chronicle

ANNA BUCHAN, who has given us *Unforgettable*, *Unforgotten* (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is already known to a loving circle of readers under her novelist's pen-name—"O. Douglas." Her position as a novelist is, probably, unique: she is one of the few who are on the side of the angels, who can render life in terms of the courage it takes to live, and of its ultimate capacity for happiness, without having recourse to meretricious sentimentality. The personality behind the "O. Douglas" novels appears—though it is never consciously displayed—in this present chronicle of a manse childhood and the expanding lives of a family. Miss Buchan's eldest brother was the John who took up the pen so young, who continued to write throughout the pressure of public duties, and who, as the first Lord Tweedsmuir, was Governor-General of Canada at the time of his death.

Besides this Buchan brother and sister, there were also William, Walter, Violet, who died before she was five years old, and Alistair, the late-born Benjamin of the family, killed in the 1914 war. *Unforgettable*, *Unforgotten* begins in the old manse at Fife, where the Inchkeith Lighthouse flashed in at the nursery windows, and from which one went for idyllic summer holidays to the grandparents' house at Broughton, in the Borders—the home Mrs. Buchan had left as a seventeen-year-old bride, who put up her hair on her wedding-day. Then comes the move to Glasgow, hard work for the parents in a poor-quarter parish; for the children, home life in the Victorian house, smoke-darkened without but friendly indoors, and with a garden of city greenery. Edinburgh, where Anna Buchan went for a time to school, and Peebles, where older Buchan relations lived, also come into the picture of this period. As the young people grow older, the scene widens—we have the delightful first visit to John at Oxford, from the point of view of an undergraduate's sister; later, the winter spent by Miss Buchan in India, with William, by then in the I.C.S. After that, times spent in London, then in Oxfordshire, with John and his wife and children; and, near the end, Miss Buchan and her mother's visit to the Tweedsmuirs in Canada.

Character

ANYBODY with memory and a pen can keep a record—for what sheer record is worth. But it needs what might be called human genius to recapture the texture of the past, to gather together the many smaller things that give existence—and, most of all, existence in a family—drama, magic, meaning and weight. This Miss Buchan has done. And more: she has, with a rare blend of detachment and intimacy, given us the character of her family itself, as a family. Here we have something less usual, more diversified than

the blind stick-togetherness of some tribes—an odd individual freedom within the family circle, a refreshing unpredictability of behaviour, a brisk, independent criticism of one another. One does not feel that this home was a dream world, a place thick-curtained and stoppered against unkind winds, to emerge from which would mean a bleak Monday morning. These happy children were most happy in having the gift of unpainfully growing up.

These children of the manse were not oppressively model—in fact, they were the enfants terribles of Fife. Escapades and vicissitudes coloured the early days. The bathroom incident at the good-bye party shows family enterprise in force. In Alistair, "the Mhor," the charming Buchan streak of recalcitrance was to be personified:

As a child he never approved of the Sabbath. "I'm as dull as a bull and as sick as a daisy," he would tell us as church-time approached. He didn't like angels, and he wanted to be a jockey. He was apt to pick up expressions from his brothers and their friends.

One day he was displeased with every member of his family, and looking round the table with a bitter smile, he said:

"I was playing quite quietly in Heaven when God came and said to me, 'Mhor, you've got to go and live with the Buchans.' I said, 'The Buchans? Good Lord.'"

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

AFTER several false starts, VICTORY dawned at last. Six long, weary years of trial and tribulation and now Peace! Flags out, bells ringing, the B.B.C. exhausting its brass bands, the glorious promise of more oranges and tomatoes. One didn't know whether to pray first or rush to the store-cupboard to see what it promised as an orgy. Eventually one did both. "Fling wide the portals," cried the eager Spirit. "Let joy be unconfined. To-day we live! All that we have must be ours this Blessed Night! Dull care shall be driven away! We will feast with the gods!"

The store-cupboard revealed its glories: one tin of beans-in-gravy, one tin of pickles, one small tin of sardines (pre-war), two thin slices of corned beef, half a tin of cocoa, 1 oz. of cheese (old), and a large bottle of rhubarb, unsweetened.

Cried the Body, "Let us fly to the nearest pub!" The pub replied, "No beer or spirits." "Nevertheless," urged the Body, "we will hie us to the smartest restaurant and there we will gorge!" But if the smartest restaurant ever answered, we heard it not. Its door lay too far ahead at the other end of the queue.

My Better Self led me home—dim company, as our better self always is. "To-morrow, at any rate," urged the better self, "you will feel radiant and clear-eyed, ready and eager to play your part in the Brave New World. While others suffer from a hang-over, you will be gaily hanging out your 'smalls.' While they are feeling that there may after all be a bright side to an atomic bomb, you will be happily feeding the birds with what remains of your scrambled powdered eggs. While they are feeling like nothing-on-earth, you will be feeling like something just off heaven. Happy, happy thought!"

"Remember," said my better self, "this very morning the Ministry of

Food told you that 'a few crisp bacon rinds chopped small' turns cabbage into something quite new and interesting." (Our better self always seems to love cabbage, doesn't it? It also loves boiled fish. It accepts the challenge thrown down by Mrs. Sew-and-Sew, and discovers chic in a husband's old shirt, metamorphosed into an evening blouse. It glories in self-denial and finds strength in soya flour. It likes best its vitamins in such things as parsnips, pea-pods and the outside leaves of cauliflower. It lives a kind of sublimated heroism between an increased Income Tax and the rising Rates. In all unpleasant circumstances it is relentlessly resilient.)

But it is not the kind of companion one would deliberately choose for a Victory Party. Nevertheless, it dined with me on Victory Night, and thoroughly enjoyed tinned soup, half a sheep's heart, and a dish of saccharine-sweetened plums; enlivened by a glass of ginger-wine of historic origin. Moreover, its conversation was sprightly in the extreme. It told me, among other gratifying things, that the Police will congratulate the Public on celebrating Victory so soberly. (It will put it down to the greater dignity and self-discipline of modern manners. Never, never will it hint at the shortage of beer!)

All the same, as I sat listening to the platitudes of my Better Self, I could not help wondering where all the rowdy, singing people in the street below got it from. Nor could I help feeling that instead of inveighing against the Black Market, I wished I had known somebody in it! Just a nodding acquaintance with a bottle of something in his pocket! Actually, it is sometimes rather nice when your sins really do find you out. Your virtues rarely fail, and the discovery can easily lead to an appallingly dull evening!



Mrs. Cheyney is the wife of novelist Peter Cheyney. It was as the result of a letter written to her husband by repatriates who travelled with her from Sweden that the latest Lemmy Cautious "I'll Say She Does," has been written. Mrs. Cheyney, who is a St. John Welfare Officer, is on the staff at Lady Louis Mountbatten's headquarters. She is a grand-niece of the late Starr Jameson—the famous "Dr. Jim" of the Jameson Raid in pre-Boer War days

In spite of his horror at the thought of being a Buchan, he must have found us not so bad, for one night he woke up in his little bed beside me, and sitting up and staring around, he said:

"Well, it's a good thing that's not true, anyway."

He told me the dream. It seemed that he was on a beautiful golden ship with silver sails, sailing away to Heaven, when he met another ship, a horrible black one, bound for quite a different destination, and to his dismay he recognised among the passengers on board all the members of his family.

"And what did you do, Mhor?" I asked, and the poor child gave a gulp and said angrily:

"I came on beside you."

In spite of the Mhor's disapproval, the manse Sabbath was far from being a day of gloom. The picturesque possibilities of "Bible games" were endless. As attractive, and as healthy, is Miss Buchan's picture of the children's interest, during the Glasgow days, in their father's and mother's work among the parishioners of the Knox church. There was John's unorthodox class for the eight bad boys. There was Anna's friend the old lady, who, from her humble window, watched, every night, the London express go by, with its lit-up, exotic restaurant car, each night commenting proudly: "There's ma denner." Sitting herself, for the first time, young and elated and rushing south, in the restaurant car, Anna Buchan thought of the old lady.

Unforgettable

YES, all the moments that go to make up this book have a sweet, hardy, pungent, immortal quality. (Concluded on page 344)

A Post-War Race Meeting in Ireland



The well-known Irish racehorse owner and angler, Sir Oliver Lambart, was having a word with Lt. J. H. Gartrell, R.N.V.R., and Mrs. Gartrell. Sir Oliver is a nephew of Lord Brabazon, and Mrs. Gartrell is daughter of Major J. O'Rourke, the crack polo player and big-game hunter.



Having a rest between races were Capt. Hall-Watt, late Scots Greys, and Mrs. Hall-Watt, who was formerly Miss Robin Waters.

● The Blake Plate was the principal race the day that these photographs were taken at Phoenix Park, and it was won by Mrs. E. J. King's Dunboy. Other winners were Col. J. McLaughlin's Silver Pan in the Skerries Plate, and Spam, owned by Mr. J. Ismay, in the Swords Plate. Among well-known faces was Lt.-Col. Denis Daly, who used to keep a large string of horses in training before the war, and it is hoped that now that he is home again he will take over the Mastership of the "Killing Kildares."

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

Mr. Terence J. S. Gray and Mrs. Burke were both watching the parade before the Shankill Plate.



Capt. Spencer Freeman, C.B.E., and the Hon. Mr. Justice Wylie, who is Chairman of the new Irish Racing Board, and also President of the Royal Dublin Society. He is said to be one of the finest judges of horseflesh in the kingdom.



Lt.-Col. Denis Daly, who has just returned to Eire after having served throughout the war with his old regiment, the 8th Hussars, brought his wife and his small daughters Ann and Avia with him. His home is Russborough House, Blessington, Co. Wicklow.



Capt. Sir Lauriston Arnott entertained a large party of friends during the afternoon in his private stand on the course. He is seen with Miss MacDermott in the Members' Enclosure.

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 328)

Her mother, Viscountess Kemsley, was present and looked very chic in a white coat and skirt closely patterned all over in dark blue. Lady Bridget Clarke was the other godmother, but was away in the U.S. The godfathers were Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander (for whom his wife, Lady Margaret, stood proxy), Sir Francis Peek and the Hon. Anthony Berry. It was a quiet ceremony, without music or flowers, and only a few relatives and friends were there, among them being Capt. Alexander's mother, Mrs. Buxton, Viscount Kemsley, Viscountess Vaughan, who very patriotically wore a suit and hat of closely-printed red, white and blue colouring; and Mrs. David Niven, whose bright jade-green velvet coat made a gay splash of colour.

North of the Tweed

NORTH BERWICK is once again filled with visitors, many of them famous in varying walks of life.

The Duchess of Hamilton has been spending several weeks at her house with her two little boys, the young Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale and Lord James Douglas-Hamilton, and the Duke has been able to visit them on several occasions. The Duchess of Rutland has also been up there, staying with her mother, Mrs. Tennant, with her daughter, Lady Isobel Guinness, and son, Lord John Manners, as frequent visitors. The politically-famous have included Viscount Simon and his wife and Sir John and Lady Anderson, who have been the Earl of Dundonald's guests. Nor has Lord Simon been the only ex-Chancellor enjoying the Scottish air, for Viscount Maugham has been staying with Lord and Lady Hutchinson-of Montrose.

New Home

HAM COMMON is quite a popular part for people who want to live in a country atmosphere and yet be within a ten-mile motor run of London. One of its most attractive residences is Orford Hall, a George II. house full of charm. The immense cedar-tree on the lawn is one of its features, with a nearby mulberry-tree well over 250 years old bearing quite a heavy load of fruit just now. Maud Duchess of Wellington is the present owner; she bought it from Lady Dalrymple-Champneys and intends to make it her permanent home. The Duchess is planning to convert a paddock into a Botticelli orchard, with spring flowers growing among fruit-trees in due season. In the hall a sentimental touch is provided by the Waterloo flag which was sent to the Duchess by the King in 1944, in memory of her only son, who was killed at Salerno in 1943 whilst serving with the Commandos.

Theatre News

SHERIDAN'S *The Rivals*, with Edith Evans as Mrs. Malaprop, is to be revived at the Criterion Theatre on the 20th of this month. It will be a big night for the theatre, which since 1940 has been used as a B.B.C. Studio. Oliver Messel has designed the scenery and costumes, and the cast will include Morland Graham as Sir Anthony Absolute, Terry Morgan as Jack Absolute, Peter Cushing as Faulkland and Audrey Fildes as Lydia Languish.

Flora Robson is busy rehearsing a new part in an adaptation of Francis Brett Young's novel *A Man About the House*. Basil Sydney will play opposite Flora Robson under William Armstrong's direction.



Clapperton, Selkirk

Photographed in Scotland

The Countess of Minto and the Duchess of Roxburghe were two of the visitors to the gardens at Mellerstain, Berwickshire, where a party was held under the auspices of the Scotland Garden Scheme



Brodrick Vernon

Miss Mary Ridehalgh and Mrs. Cowan Dobson were on their way to lunch at The de Guise when this was taken. Miss Ridehalgh has just become engaged to Lt.-Cdr. the Hon. Greville Howard, R.N.V.R.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 342)

Reticence—reticence of the best kind, instinctive rather than calculated—gives distinction to all that Miss Buchan writes. Behind what she says is the unsaid—a presence totally to the good. Love, family love, is her subject really; and she does not belittle this by attempted statement. I should not call *Unforgettable*, *Unforgotten* a "nostalgic" book in the now far too facile sense: its message—if you care to look for a message—is, not merely that life was good in the past, but that life contains strong, sane elements which make it capable of being good at any time. The sources—as shown in this book—have not necessarily run dry: younger generations do, possibly, find it more difficult to come at them.

Tender, ironical, matter-of-fact, courageous, this could not be a better book to read. The English reader, sometimes a little scared by what seems the almost too vigorous Scottish tradition, will find this version of it friendly and reassuring. To the Scot, a sort of tang in the air of the pages, and the homes, the people, the streets, the countryside with their strong local character will be, I am sure, as welcome as they are familiar.

Thoughtful Dogs

"DOG'S LIFE," a satirical novel by Gordon Boshell (Secker and Warburg; 6s.), turned out to be not exactly what I had hoped; though it has worked out, no doubt, as its author intended. The theme of a young man transformed into a dog holds infinite vice versa-like possibilities—a chronicle scandaleuse of human existence seen from the canine angle. And the novel does contain brilliantly funny moments—such as when Samuel Perkins, terrier, attacks Lord Flushwater, newspaper magnate, at the Fleet Street memorial service being held for the late lamented Samuel Perkins, journalist. Samuel, once "John Greatheart" of the *Daily Minitor*, had been sacked by Lord Flushwater, on account of an indiscretion: the same day he had been run over by a bus, in the act of rescuing the stray terrier inside whose form he now finds himself. "Greatheart, of *Daily Monitor*, gives his Life for Dog" was, obviously, too good a headline to be missed; and Lord Flushwater hushes up the preceding fracas. There is also a pleasant passage where Samuel (terrier) is bought as a pet—or, strictly, traded for a bottle of whisky—by the young lady to whose affections he had, during his human lifetime, aspired in vain.

For my tastes, however, this jam contains too much powder; and one has, I think, to be Swift, or at least Anatole France, ever to make such a mixture palatable. Samuel Perkins's new circle of canine buddies are slow, thorough, earnest thinkers: with the conversation of Hermann, free-German dachshund, tediousness definitely sets in. On the other hand, Michael, the cynical cat, had got humanity taped; and said so in fewer words. One of the main indictments—that human beings prefer dogs to humans—has, I fancy, been made before: human fatuity, and particularly British fatuity, with regard to dogs had been satirised before Mr. Boshell took up the pen. *Dog's Life* also contains, as far as I can make out, a plea for State-controlled newspapers.

Twenty-four Hours

"THE DAY OF GLORY" (Michael Joseph; 6s.) is a brilliant, almost unbearably painful three-act play by H. E. Bates. The action happens, within twenty-four hours, in the Sanderson family's home in the South of England, August 1942. The characters are the young airman son, his Polish airman friend, his seventeen-year-old sister, his ex-fiancée, his mistress, his mother and his uncle—a Colonel crazed by a head-wound in the last war.

S/Ldr. Jack Sanderson, D.F.C., appears suddenly in his home, for a few hours, on the eve (though the rest do not know it) of the Dieppe raid. He brings with him P/O. Radwanski and the girl Julia—whose understanding love has shown him the limitations of Catherine, the correct young creature to whom he has formerly been engaged. Catherine's chagrin, Diana's sisterly hero-worship, his mother's passive endurance, and, most of all, the news of the death of his little dog, confront him with an unbearable situation: to the tension, his uncle reacts with a bout of madness.

In his treatment of this subject, Mr. Bates lays all nerves bare. I am a poor judge of plays in printed form, but I should say that the dramatic treatment was admirable. *The Day of Glory* contains an important message—I only question whether, at least for some years to come, we, as an audience, could "take" this play in performance.

Jam to the Young

ONE could almost think that, preparatory to writing *The Rising of the Moon* (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), Gladys Mitchell had done a refresher course in E. Nesbit. Actually, her talents are here, as ever, her own—all I mean is, that the two schoolboys who in this story investigate a series of hair-raising "Ripper" murders in their home town show something of the high spirits of the immortal *Treasure Seekers*. Our old friend Mrs. Bradley crosses the scene, in the role of dispenser of slap-up teas and much-valued snips of criminological talk. All this first-rate new Mitchell lacks is a map.



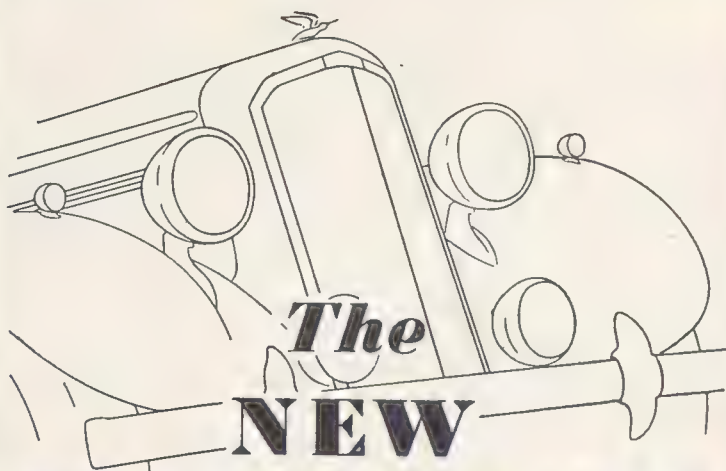
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by Jean Lorimer



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Betty's second choice is cut on much the same lines as her first, but in this case the material is woollen velour and the coat has grown-up flap pockets



Jane goes in for the high neckline in her second coat, which has six bright buttons and detail. All four coats are made by *Harella*; they are good-looking Utility and made in several colours. Most of the big shops throughout the country stock them

Photographs by
Dormer Cole



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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

SHE was one of Society's most glittering matrons. On the occasion of a formal dinner party, she haughtily phoned the local Navy headquarters and asked them to send along a few staff members.

Two men of the rank-and-file arrived, and were indignantly requested to eat with the servants in the servants' hall.

Furious at such an occurrence, the hostess rang the Naval Commander the next day, and demanded to know the reason for sending such low-ranking men to her party. The Commander explained that one was an earl, the other a viscount.

"Heavens!" gasped the matron. "Will you please apologize to them for me, and ask them to call again?"

They did. They went to the back door and took her two maids to the pictures.

A PRETTY young widow was sitting on the hotel veranda with her small son. Also sitting on the veranda was a good-looking young man. After a time the little boy ran up to the man.

"What's your name," he asked.

The young man told him, and the next question was: "Are you married?"

"No, I'm not," was the reply.

The child seemed at a loss as to what to say next, and then turned to his mother and said in piercing tones:—

"What else must I ask him, mummy?"

TWO lunatics went out fishing, and having anchored their boat for a few minutes, made a miraculous catch.

"Let's mark the spot," said the first. So the second took some chalk and put a cross on the bottom of the boat.

"That's no good, you fool," ejaculated the other, "we might not get the same boat next time."

RECENTLY the control tower at Gunter Field, Alabama, received a message: "Cadet Jones to tower. My fuel gauge shows empty. What shall I do?"

The operations office, envisioning the plane about to make a forced landing, rushed to the mike, shouting: "Take it easy, son! Don't get excited! Where are you?"

The cadet calmly replied: "I'm sitting in my plane down on the flight line. I haven't taken off yet."

A SOLDIER was returning from the village, having had a hair-cut, when he met his captain carrying golf clubs.

"If you're returning to camp, Jones," said the officer, "would you mind putting these clubs in my office for me?"

"Certainly, sir," answered Jones, slinging them over his shoulder. A little nearer the camp he met the colonel.

"Good morning, sir!" Jones said, saluting smartly.

"Morning, Jones!" answered the colonel, genially.

"Been for a round of golf?"

"Oh, no, sir; I've been having a hair-cut."

"Fourteen days for insolence!" bawled the colonel.

A COLONEL was playing round the course, with his sergeant-major caddying for him. Half-way round he turned to his caddy and said:—

"Well, what do you think of the game?"

"Not bad, sir," was the reply. "Sort of 'ockey at the 'alt—ain't it, sir?"



Alexander Bender

Carol Raye is the leading lady in tonight's new show at the Saville Theatre when Bernard Delfont presents "Big Boy" with Fred Emney and Richard Hearne as star comedians. Douglas Furber, Fred Emney, and Max Kester have combined their talents in writing the book, and Carroll Gibbons has composed the music—his first complete score for musical comedy.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Record Wanted

I WANT to suggest to the Air Ministry and the Ministry of Aircraft Production that they set aside one of the latest single-seat fighters for an attempt on the world's speed record. If the figures that have been issued about our latest machines mean anything they ought to be able to take the world's speed record by a large margin. It would be a big filip to British flying and would help to give us a fair start in the competition that is to come.

The existing world's speed record—and it is one of the three absolute records, carrying great prestige—is held by the Germans. In April, 1939, Fritz Wendel in a Messerschmitt 109R, with Mercedes-Benz D.B. 601 engine set a record of 469.24 miles an hour. He beat the previous record, which had been set by Hans Dieterle in a Heinkel, by about 7 miles an hour.

So that is the mark—470 miles an hour—and there ought to be at least two British fighters which could beat it. The de Havilland people have claimed over 500 miles an hour for their Vampire with the Goblin jet unit. The American Shooting Star ought also to be able to beat the record.

Confidence

WE have begun—as one of the disillusion of peace—to disbelieve some of the figures which are so glibly issued by official departments. We have begun to notice that all British products—if these statements are believed—have been perfect during the entire war. We admire British products; but we do not accept it that they are all uniformly perfect. So when the Ministry of Aircraft Production issues a glowing account about some new fighter, we accept it with reserve. The claim has been made both for the Shooting Star and for some of our own machines, that they are the “fastest in the world.” Why not take the opportunity of proving who is right.

World's speed records must be established under strict regulations which eliminate all chance of wangling. It is true that the regulations do allow of a slight down slope as the three-kilometre course is entered; but the amount of it is very limited, for the maximum permissible height is set and there are observers to see that the aircraft does not exceed it at any time. Then again, the timing apparatus has to conform to certain technical requirements and the whole thing is done in the open, in view of the public. How different is the secret, unknown and unknowable process by which the Ministry of Aircraft Production obtains its speed figures!

I do hope that the Ministries concerned will move quickly in this and give some manufacturer the opportunity and the support to go for the world's speed record. It ought to be possible now to set it up to the 600 miles an hour mark or better. The cost would be small compared with the prestige value of the whole thing.

Pilots' Licences

THE suggestion that there should be three transport pilots' licences in the future has been made jointly by the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire and by the British Air Line Pilots' Association. The original suggestion on which the three licence requirements have been drawn up was made by Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett. The Grade I licence, under this scheme, would be the senior and would demand flying experience covering at least 2,000 hours. It would confer the right to operate any kind of aircraft. The other two licences would confer the right to operate only the aircraft for which the licences were endorsed. Grade II would require 1,000 hours flying experience and Grade III 200 hours. The scheme seems to be well worked out, although one hesitates to accept a fresh licence with all the added complications it would bring. It seems a pity that the requirements could not be compressed into two licences. The private pilot's licence is, of course, an entirely separate thing with which these schemes have nothing to do.

Car Starters

HOW many people, I wonder, who have got their cars out of storage and are now trying to use them again within the limits prescribed by the petrol allowance, have found that old batteries are useless and new batteries unobtainable?

I have lately had the agonizing experience of having to swing my car to start it. It is a thing which no manufacturer ought ever to require an owner to do. Car swinging was all right in the early days when one made a habit of it and was “in practice.” But now it is a barbarous thing. Yet no battery has been invented—or at any rate no battery has been fitted to any car I have met—which will last as well as the rest of the car. Batteries are a curse. And there is nothing worse than having trouble in a crowded thoroughfare and to find that the starter button produces nothing better than a faint grunt.

My suggestion is that all cars in the higher price groups should fit inertia starters, workable from the driving seat, as standard. An inertia starter is simply a small flywheel which can be rotated at high speed by hand through gearing and which can then turn the heaviest aero-engine. It would turn any car engine certainly and easily. Some manufacturer, sooner or later, will recognize that a motor car owner should not be asked to swing a car and that other means of turning the engine mechanically (and without the aid of the fickle battery) is essential. The starting handle is still with us—but it ought not to be.



Brodrick Version
Squadron-Leader Frank Hugh Musgrove married Miss Sheila Duff at Brompton Oratory. The bride is a great-granddaughter of the late Alexander Chinnery-Haldane, a former Bishop of Argyll and the Isles



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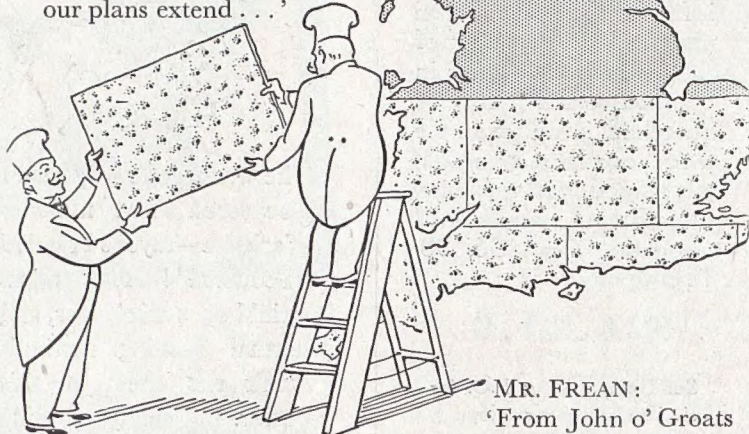
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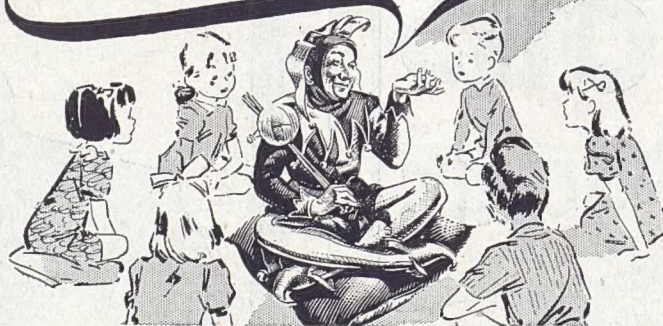
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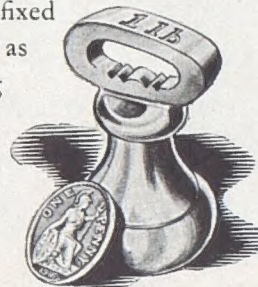
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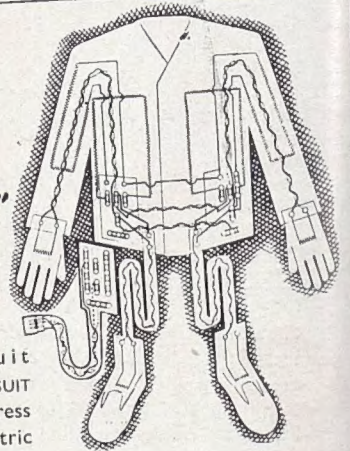
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